THE

HENRYADE

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE

FLEET OF SPAIN,

BY THE BRAVE

LORD RODNEY,

WHEN THE VICTORIOUS

PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY

LAID THE ROYAL STANDARD OF SPAIN, AND OF THE OTHER CAPTAINS TAKEN, AT THE FOOT OF THE THRONE OF THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By the Rev. Mr COLVILL of Dysart, V. D. M.

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Henricus ne exurere Claſſem
Cantabricam! ipſoſque potuit ſubmergere ponto,
Unius ob noxam et furias. VIRG. Parod.

'TWAS on the Day in Fame's bright Annals Crown'd,
For Glory and for Conqueſt high Renown'd,
Proud o'er the Deeps BRITANNIA's GODDESS rais'd
Her Throne Imperial, which with Diamond blaz'd.

There Sat the Mighty Sov'reign of the Main
In Regal Dignity: His Naval Train
Their Brows with BRITISH Oak and Laurel bound;
His native Guards undaunted pour'd around.

For like the Eaglet bent on Spoil and Blood,
The Valiant HENRY 'croſs the Foaming Flood,
Explor'd his Country's Foe: Like him of Yore
Who Drench'd his Engliſh Shafts in Gallic Gore.
Like him, with winged Fleets and Fearleſs Band,
The Scourge of FRANCE, he hung o'er BOURBON's Strand.
The Gallant RODNEY ſteers his dread Array,
The BRITISH Vulture hov'ring o'er his Prey.

Prop'd on the Pageantry of ancient Fame,
The haughty Spaniard from CANTABRIA came;
Their floating Caſtles roll'd in tow'ring Pride;
Bold HENRY on his Native Main Defy'd.
The brazen Trumpets for the Combat ſound,
To ſhouting Heroes the hoarſe Waves rebound;

Their

Their Glitt'ring Arms and Banner'd Terrors far,
Uſher like lightning the Loud Storm of War.

'Mid the rude Shock, enwrap'd in Gloomy Night,
O'er Burning Waves, 'mid Carnage and Affright,
The Engliſh HENRY, like the Arm of Jove,
Who flings the volly'd Lightnings from Above.
Loud ſwells the Tempeſt where the Free and Brave
From blazing Caſtles ſeek the Boiling Wave:
Where Bands of Heroes in one blaſt expire,
And SPAIN's Proud Navies ſink in Gulphs of Fire.

But who can paint the Dreadful Midnight Scene
Of Death and Fire! when HENRY ruſh'd between
Fate and the Foe! with Angels cry to ſave
Th' unconquer'd remnant from a Wat'ry Grave.
The Conflict clos'd, for RODNEY ceas'd to Pour
The BRITISH Thunder in fierce Fiery Show'r:
And to his Noble Captives freely gave
The BRITISH Freedom, which diſdains a Slave.

O!

O! for a Muſe of Fire! who might diſcloſe
The ROYAL HENRY 'mid his vanquiſh'd Foes.
Like Cherub Mercy he the Pris'ners led,
Chearing each Chief, he rais'd the drooping Head:
In aching Wounds the balm of Pity pour'd
With healing Hands, and ev'ry comfort ſhowr'd.
Behind his Shield he bid the Weak recline,
They burſt their Chains, and chear'd their Hearts with Wine.
Such Engliſh Valour! Such the Free and Brave,
Who conquer but for Glory and to Save.

But who Triumphant comes in Bloom Divine,
Like youthful Ammon from the Grannic Brine!
With Banner'd Trophies o'er the ſubject Main,
"My HENRY comes, who cruſh'd the Pride of SPAIN."
From SPAIN's tall Admiral her Standard tore,
And dy'd her Ocean with their richeſt Gore.
Like him of Argos, ſee him richly ride
With Glitt'ring Trophies o'er the Colchian Tide.

Thrice

Thrice Valiant SON! Thrice welcome to my Arms!
Fair England greets you, where ſuch Valour Charms.
Here on a Parent's Breaſt thoſe bleſſings ſhare,
Thy Country's Admiration, Love and Pray'r.

Long may thy Valour Prop thy Father's Throne,
Long deck with Naval Wreaths thy Sparkling Crown.
Aſſert BRITANNIA's Reign from Pole to Pole,
Tyrannic Pow'r and vaunting Pride Controul:
The graſping Policies of FRANCE reſtrain,
And Cruſh, like VERNON, the ſwoll'n Pride of SPAIN.

Be thou the Bolt of War in England's right,
To Daſh Proud BOURBON from her tow'ring height:
To lead her Navies o'er the Eaſtern Main
Where Glory calls: To ſpoil the fraudful train
Of Av'rice! England's Genius be your Guide
Thro' Field's of Death: Or you her Civic Crown
Beſtow, beſt Recompence when Conſcious Pride
With Mother's Eye ſhall mark you for her own.

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